Down in the spell room

The wizard sat

Mumbling

Grumbling

Tapping his hat

With a swish of his wand

5 monkey toes

3 eyes from a spider

And a bogey from his nose

From inside the cauldron

There was an almighty flash

His cloak was smoke

His beard was sheared

His moustache was ash

And all that was left

Was his hat

By Olly